Simple Beginnings

by Gonstika

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To whoever reads this note,

We don't have much time to explain but the situation regarding our family has become dire and we can no longer take care of the little miracle that we helped bring into this world.

Going to an orphanage would be something our enemies would expect us to do. It really pains us to have to resort to something like this but we are out of options.

We only ask that you take good care of our beloved Neopolitan. Give her a life we were unable to provide. Our time with her was short but we will cherish those memories to the day we die and we hope that you will to.

Thank you for your consideration and may Oum bless your soul.

* * *

><p>Roman stared hard at the letter that he had found in the basket. Back to the baby and back to the letter. Again and again. He stared into the multi-coloured eyes of the little thing before him.<p>

"How strange..." he thought.

Thunder cracked in the distance, a sign that rain would be coming. News had foretold it would be quite a storm and had warned citizens to bunker down for the night, less they risk either being blown away or freeze to death.

He crumbled the letter in his hand and threw it away. Even if somewhere in his being that he wanted to take care of it, he knew he couldn't. Hell, he can barely take care of himself after he had burned down and ran away from home.

Taking care of a baby was one of the last things he really needed to focus on nowadays.

"Sorry kid, but the world ain't like the fairy tales that your parents probably read to you about in your cozy little cot while they fed you overpriced premium formula. Life is unfair, you'll soon see why".

Spitting, he turned and began walking away. Back into the crumbling abandoned housing unit that probably would only be good for another year or so before nature took its toll on it.

"Daddy..."

He stopped.

Did he dare turn around? Did he dare go back on what he literally just said moments ago?

His own body apparently made that choice for him, rational or not.

Looking again into her eyes, he could see the brimming of tears beginning to form, a warning to what was probably going to happen next.

Mother Nature apparently beat her to it as it began slowly but soon gained intensity into a steady stream. Before long, it would probably either be drenching or start hailing if it got cold enough.

Damn it all.

Walking over, he grabbed the basket and closed the poor excuse he liked to call a door, making his way over to the musty couch which acted more like a bed.

Layer her at his feet, he sat down and placed his hands over his eyes, lost in thought.

"What the hell am I even doing?" he thought.

Sighing, he reached down and brought her out, holding at arms length.

Give her enough years and she would be turning heads, that much he was probably certain about.

Little Neopolitan had other ideas and began trying to reach forward to Roman herself.

Sighing in compliance, he brought her closer. What she decided to grab was one of his bangs that flowed over his eyes.

Roman could only snort.

"Both of us were abandoned by our families, eh? I guess we both have that in common at least." he stated.

It wasn't long before sleep began to take over little Neo, seemingly starting a chain reaction where Roman began to yawn. Checking his stolen watch, the time read it was just sometime after midnight.

He smiled.

"Fine, I'll comply just for tonight. Tomorrow though, you're out of here. You got that?"

A tiny little snore was his only answer.

Holding her close to his body he too began drifting off. What tomorrow would show, he didn't want to know nor care.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say you would probably be the death of me some day."

End
file.